

The Anglophobia has seized violently on three members of our council. This suits almost every day on questions of neutrality. Hamilton produced the other day the draft of a letter from himself to the collectors of the customs, giving them in charge to watch over all the proceedings in their district, contrary to the laws of neutrality, &c. This was objected to for several reasons. Randolph found out his bit to spit, which, as always happens, became the

You should have seen her then, surrounded by rains, black currants, pumpkin sauce, peeled apples, sugar boxes, and plates of golden butter, her plump hand pearly with flour dust, the whole kitchen redolent with ginger, allspice and cloves. You should have seen her grating orange peel and nutmeg, the border of her snow white cap rising

to look suddenly in from the glare of sunlight outside, and then the cool sweet dimness was like the palpable breath of the far off island groves; and it only some parrot or macaw, hung within, would flaunt with glistening plumage in his cage, and as the gay hue flashed in a chance sunbeam, call in his hard shrill voice, as if thrusting sharp sounds upon a gliding vision from out that great dim gloom, then the enchantment was complete, and without moving, I was circumspecting the globe.

and elegance that might well be envied by many native born *Néerulere*. His is evidently a mind which, to a profound acquaintance with the various branches of natural history it has made its study, conjoins a power of generalization and a poetry of expression that lend an indescribable charm to the simplest topics. Unlike the Peter Bell of modernity, a wilting morose on a sea-breeze, he

with Father? that fell from heaven, who does not blow like Maker?—and when autumn comes, the season of sear and yellow leaf, when wheat is in its golden time, and the corn waves its silken tassels in the warm air, who is not reminded of the reaper hath?"

As every season has its own tone and lesson, so every hour, and every variety has its peculiar solace to the heart of man. Harmonizing, like music,

one day, which is, so far, the best yield—but it is in new places are being discovered daily; and who knows but Belleville is the El Dorado? The ore is mixed with a fine black sand; as on the coast; and the robbing process is going on, *à la californica*. Much excitement prevails in the neighborhood of the "dieseno"—there being about 5000 men engaged in digging the mining articles, while others are constantly prospecting.